

SORES AND ULCERS.

Sores and Ulcers never become chronic unless the blood is in poor condition. It is sluggish, weak and unable to throw off the poisons that accumulate in it. The system must be relieved of the unhealthy matter through the skin, and great danger to life would follow should it be allowed to remain in the blood. The blood has been made pure and healthy and all impurities eliminated from the system. S. S. S. begins the cure by first cleansing and invigorating the blood, building up the general health and removing from the system a constant drain upon the system. When this has been accomplished the discharge gradually ceases, and the sore or ulcer heals. It is the tendency of these old indolent sores to grow worse and worse, and eventually to destroy the bones. Local applications, while soothing and to some extent alleviate pain, cannot reach the seat of the trouble. S. S. S. does, and no matter how apparently hopeless your condition, even though your constitution has broken down, it will bring relief when nothing else can. It supplies the rich, pure blood necessary to heal the sore and nourish the debilitated, diseased body.

Mr. J. H. Talbot, Lock Box 35, Winona, Minn., says: "Six years ago my leg from the knee to the foot was one solid sore. Several physicians treated me and I made two trips to Hot Springs, and found no relief. Finally I got S. S. S. and it made me a complete cure. I am a perfectly well man ever since."

S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known—contains no poisonous minerals to poison the digestion and add to, rather than relieve your sufferings. If your flesh does not heal readily when scratched, bruised or cut, your blood is in bad condition, and any ordinary sore is apt to become chronic.

Send for our free book and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

(By Emma Paddock Telford.)

In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you are not knowing therein.—George Washington.

MENU, SUNDAY, AUGUST 12.

BREAKFAST.
Blackberries.
Graham.
Lamb Chops. Creamed Potatoes.
Cucumber Salad.
Whole Wheat Gems.
Coffee.

DINNER.
Roast Chicken.
Baked Potatoes.
Corn.
Fried Egg Plant.
Russian Salad.
Camembert Cheese. Walnuts.
Pineapple Sherbet.
Spiced Cake.
Iced Tea.

SUPPER.
Crab Salad.
Broad and Butter.
Sally Lunn.
Sliced Peaches.
Chocolate.

It is somewhat reassuring, after the somewhat repeated assertion of the family physician, that women are altogether too prone to rush in with their advice and remedies where the skillful practitioner almost fears to tread, to be told that all "women are born sanitarians." This from no less a source than a prominent member of the Pennsylvania board of health. This tribute is still further enhanced by the statement that whereas women are born sanitarians, men must be taught. "This fact," the speaker declares, "is based upon the evolution of the race, as the role that cleanliness plays in civilization is undoubtedly due to women. Advantage of this gift should be taken in our national housekeeping. Women by office and evolution are the housekeepers and health officers of the family. Let them become publicly and definitely our health officers and sanitary managers. The marvelous ability and success already shown by them in this field warrants every confidence. There are millions of unoccupied women who can find a work that will bring pleasure to their lives and that will be a great help in the progress of civilization."

Mattings are prettier than ever this season, and a new touch of elegance is added by the introduction of silk figures. Some of these come as high as \$25 per roll.

All sorts of color effects are included in and in some cases the heaviness of the weaves suggests grain carpeting.

William J. Baldwin in "Ventilation and Warming," declares that most of the estimates of the amount of fresh air needed in a room that human beings are to occupy are too small. He figures that three thousand cubic feet per hour for each person is little enough, and says that in the Sloan Maternity hospital, provision is made for letting in eight thousand. If this amount of air is admitted to a room near the ceiling, Mr. Baldwin contends that there will be no draughts.

For the rush of September weddings, which is number rank resort only to June, artistic stationers are showing several new forms of fashionable invitation cards. Contrary to the general impression which ascribes to Paris the origin of style in wedding stationery, as well as wedding gowns and millinery, all the best stationery and original designs come from this country, and are annually exported for use in the continental cities. While the present designs represent a sort of compromise, the one which is being used by the most exclusive set is engraved in old English type. As this presents many more difficulties to the engraver than script, the cost is proportionately higher, but the effect of the finished plate is exceedingly pleasant, particularly when reproduced on pure white heavy vellum.

Next in popularity to the old English lettering comes the Roman. An innovation in the matter of wording leaves a blank line on the engraved surface when the host or hostess is expected to write the name of the guest. This form is especially liked for home weddings, as more intimate and less formal than the old style. Pure white paper is considered much superior than the tinted, and white the size is not bounded by any inflexible law, the invitation paper is generally large, and when folded requires an oblong envelope. A practical innovation this year consists in the printing of several small cards, to be included in the same envelope with the invitation. One tells when the newly married couple will be "at home" after the honeymoon, another "admits" to the receipt of the "welcome" note at the wedding, while the third gives entrance to the wedding breakfast or reception. The latter, of course, when the occasion is exceedingly formal and the wedding a "crush." All these small cards are similar in color and print to the invitation.

Among the wedding gifts specially favored by brides this year are the pretty silver rambler sets. These are ornamental, exceedingly convenient, and as yet uncommon, three points in their favor. Each rambler, with its little fluted cover, is a perfect silver sauce pan, and it is the fashion to serve entrées, desserts and some kinds of fish directly from them. A ring in which to fit each tiny pipkin, is provided, and the set of a dozen can be readily brought to the side table without any danger of being misplaced by even a careless servant.

The newest filling for the popular punch bowl which is accorded the place of honor at all large social functions, is the American champagne cup. Needless to say, this beverage would not meet with the approval of temperance advocates. Take one wineglassful pineapple syrup, three sprigs of green figs, one pint curaçao, one half pint Sauterne, one glass of champagne, one pint of either old brandy or cognac, one pint Tokay wine, two bottles soda water, three oranges cut in slices, two lemons cut in slices. Stir well together; let the mixture stand for an hour and strain into another bowl. Add one-quarter of a pineapple cut in slices, one-quarter of a box fresh strawberries and three bottles of champagne. Place the bowl in ice, except with little sugar, up well and serve. The above quantity will suffice for a party of twenty.

A delicious temperance punch can be made from equal quantities of orange and lemon juice, with sugar, chopped ice, soda water and fruit. Iced coffee with whipped cream on top is also a desirable filling for the temperance punch bowl.

Orangeade may be a flat, tasteless beverage, or a delicate, delicious, refreshing drink, depending on the proportion of ingredients. To make the most of it, and possessing a number of mingling flavors suggestive of an Oriental sherbet. In making orangeade it must be remembered that the rind is a very important factor. Shave off the peel of six oranges and two lemons into a quart of water, add two pounds of sugar and infuse on the back of the range for ten minutes. Meantime squeeze the juice of the lemons and oranges into a quart of cold water, add the syrup and beat the two together thoroughly, add a cup of the pulp of pineapple and one of red banana, and set the mixture on the ice to become chilled. Serve in thin glasses with crushed ice.

In a report just issued by the United States weather bureau on the thunderstorms of 1899, it is stated that the wire clothesline was the cause of at least a dozen deaths last year. That number of women were struck by lightning and killed while taking the clothes off the line. Prof. Henry says that a wire clothes line ought never to be permitted to come within fifty feet of a dwelling. Much less should it be fastened to the corner of the house, as is commonly done.

At this season when every normal child who can effect the combination of mud and water is engaged in the manufacture of "terrestrial pies," the laundry saving device of California mothers will bear passing on to the east. Instead of putting the children into white flannelled garments that all too soon take on the color of the soil, they are induced into those made of dark blue cotton or chambray. A ruffe of the same cut lengthwise of the selvage, but not hemmed, gives a neat white finish for each diminutive leg. Night dresses or drawers of the same serviceable material are commonly used in California or Arizona, when the whole household turns out to sleep under the stars.

With Sling, the dog star, in the ascendant, the old Pompeian warning, "Cave Canem," is again in order. If any one is so unfortunate as to be bitten by a pit dog, says a prominent surgeon, do not kill the dog until you can be sure whether he was rabid or not. Tie a ligature tightly between the place bitten and the heart, apply suction as quickly as possible, then a thorough caustic. If no powerful acid is at hand, cauterize with heated metal, a knife, knitting needle, or wire, whichever can be pressed into service the most quickly. It is not alone, however, the rabid dog that is to be feared. The recent death of a young man in Hackensack, New Jersey, at Flower hospital has been traced to the kiss of a pet dog. The disease, a parasitic affection of the liver, is believed to have had its origin upon the nose of the dog. Any one at all conversant with the habits of dogs must realize that they belong by nature to the scavenger family. Putrid meat and well-trotted bones are to most of them the delectable of tidbits, while it proves a savory treat to most of us, if not actually eaten. While ages of human association and training have modified to some extent the predictions and natural instincts of the species, a little study of them is sufficient to prove that the best bred and most carefully trained animals are not kissable from a sanitary point of view. Considering the widespread habit of people of both sexes, who are accustomed to kissing their pet dogs, or allowing the animals to lick their faces, it is a wonder that more diseases have not been contracted by this means.

The electric fan is rapidly extending its friendly offices from the business houses to the homes. While its installation is a matter involving but slight expense, and while it proves itself a boon of the first magnitude, a number of mysterious cases of "stiff neck," "crick in the back" and "cold in the head" may be traced directly to its well meaning efforts to keep the family cool. Any one who has ever sat in church ahead of a large palm leaf fan, vigorously whirled by some good breeze, will realize how much more breezy that fan apparently generated than can possibly be evolved by one of equal dimensions in front. The back of the head and neck, to say nothing of the lungs, are extremely sensitive to any draught or chill, and a word of caution is "face the fan."

The old funeral linen crash, beneath which ghastly remains are used to veil its glories in the summer, is happily retreating from general use. The new art denims which are superseding it as covers, some in soft, cool colorings, with flower effects, that give the rooms a charmingly cool and restful look, without being suggestive of caskets and the tomb.

SEARCH FOR ADAMS' CAVE

Tragedy of One of Arizona's Lost Mines.

Every district of the mining country of the west has its own story of a lost mine, says the New York Sun. Lonely prospectors have wandered away into the mountains and the deserts of the southwest and have returned after days of absence to cautiously display samples of fabulously rich ore, discovered somewhere in their wanderings. From one cause and another they have disappeared later and with them has vanished every trace of the rich deposits of the precious metal that they have discovered. Others have taken the fever from the glimpse they had of the shining treasures and have gone in quest of the shining treasure. They were powerless in the grasp of the prospector's eternal hope. They followed to the hills or the deserts and died on the sands of the alkaline waste or in giant crevices or in deep canyons of the mountains. Not until these give up their dead will it be known how many have perished in the search for the lost mines of the west.

In the Navajo Indian reservation, situated somewhere among the hills of the half explored country, there is a mine that is known far and wide in New Mexico and Arizona as "Adams' Cave." Shortly after the Indians had been crowded back into the district they now occupy, and the government had sent out its soldiers to keep them there, a man named Henry Adams came out from the east and established a little trading store. He was a white man, and he had no other trade than the white man's. He cared little or nothing for the trade of the white men, and few, if any, outside of the soldiers ever came to his store. Adams traded with the Indians, kept strictly within the bounds of the law, so far, at least, as appearances were concerned. He was crafty enough to know that the sale of liquor to the red man would not make him

a friend, nor keep his friendship once it had been secured. The Indian expected Adams and were as friendly with the white man as the race could be in those days, for it was a time of almost constant friction between the warriors and soldiers. The former took to the war path on the slightest pretext and the latter, determined to keep them within the reservation, were not averse to varying the monotonous life of garrison duty in the west with an occasional skirmish with the redskins.

But Adams minded his own business and was neither friend or foe to the one or the other. One sultry afternoon when the day's trade had been more dull than usual, Adams was sitting in the shade of his rude "shack," when three Navajo warriors approached the store. With the customary guttural greeting of "how," which was neither a question nor an answer, but more of a grunt, they entered the store. Adams followed them in and the three began to point out one thing after another and gathered the articles designated in a bundle to be carried away. Adams looked on and said nothing. The bucks helped themselves and as they turned to go in payment they laid a leather bag of gold nuggets on the counter. Adams watched them disappear from sight; he was busy thinking. The Indians, he knew, had not been off the reservation. The gold, therefore, came from the hills of the Navajo country. Adams determined to find the mine. He set about in a slow and cautious manner to become better friends with the Indians, and particularly with the three who had brought the gold to the store. They came in from time to time, grew a little more talkative as their visits increased—far Adams knew their large—and each time they came they made additional purchases and made additional payments in gold dust or nuggets, as they did on the instance of their first visit.

Adams finally reached the subject. He asked to be led to the place from which their gold came. The Indians at first refused, but Adams, biding his time, as cautious as ever, at last succeeded in inducing them to show him where the mine was. The journey was undertaken at night. The three Indians and Adams rode away at twilight. No one knew of Adams' intention and no one suspected his motive. The four rode all night and toward morning the party halted at the mouth of a canyon.

The Indians insisted that Adams dismount and be blindfolded; they would not proceed further without this precaution. The trader submitted and the journey was continued. The horses were tied and Adams was led up the side of a steep hill, still blindfolded, and into a cave. The air was damp and cool, as though the cavern extended far back into the mountain. The Indians removed his handgags and invited Adams to look about him. The floor of the cave was littered with gold—nuggets and ingots; it seemed to be the hiding place for the old races of Mexico, who, it was said, had come this far north in their effort to secure their treasures from the Spaniards.

Adams begged to be allowed to carry some of the wealth away, but the Indians refused. His eyes were again bandaged, and he was led away by the same route. Just as the Indians slipped the kerchief over his eyes Adams raised his head and looked for a moment out of the mouth of the cave. A short distance away he saw three peaks, all in height and shape, but no other marks by which he might know the place again. He was allowed to see no more. The return journey was accomplished in silence.

Adams sold the remainder of his goods and spent all the money in looking for the cave. Every effort, however, failed. With all his money gone, he started and raged, he made his way to Tucson, where he told his story to Judge Abram Grisco. Adams' zeal was transferred to the judge; he agreed to assist the prospector and equip him with enough for another thorough search for the three peaks and the cavern near them. Adams returned to the Navajo country and spent several months looking for the treasure. He was driven out and in a fight with his old friends was wounded. But nothing could swerve him from his purpose to find the cavern. His provisions became exhausted and he returned to Tucson to lay in another supply. Judge Grisco came to his aid again.

The search was continued for three years. Nearly every portion of the reservation was gone over by the prospector. At the end of that time, although the judge had become discouraged and had ceased to help Adams, and the others of whom he secured aid had followed suit, the man who had seen the treasure was as confident and enthusiastic as ever. He fitted out several expeditions himself, was wounded again and at last returned in health to Tucson, to find the judge and patient Grisco. The judge listened patiently to all Adams had to say, but in the end he replied that he could no longer furnish funds for the search. Adams begged and pleaded with him. "There is only a small portion of the whole reservation left unexplored," he insisted. "The treasure is no where else; it must be there."

But the judge was obstinate; he would not yield. Adams determined to make his way to Phoenix and there attempt to persuade his old friend, a man named Spangler, to fit out a final expedition. He mumbled the stage bound for Phoenix, but before he left the town he heard of Spangler's death. Adams remained in the vehicle; a white turned the corner of the lone highway and came down the road. The driver, who was a man spring from the slowly-moving crowd, saw a flash of steel and heard the report that followed. Grown weary with the long search, at last discouraged and disheartened, Adams had placed the muzzle of the gun to his forehead and fired the shot that killed him.

Just outside of Tucson a little rude monument, with the name of Adams scratched with unlettered characters over its surface, stands half buried in the drifting sands. Beneath it lies the first man who perished in the search for "Adams' Cave"; the resting place of the scores of others who have given up their lives in the search for the

lost treasure will never be known until the seas of sandy sand give up their secrets and their dead.

TOO SILLY.

Polly—I think politics is too silly for sense.

Harry—What do you mean?

Polly—Why, the idea of men getting up big excursions and conventions to tell the presidential nominees that they are nominated when they already know it.

An officer in the Austrian army in Vienna has invented balloons which will float both men and horses across a river. They are to be fastened to belts around the men and the harness of the horses.

Summer girls and baseball players are only engaged for the season.—Chicago News.

MARKET REPORTS.

PHOENIX WHOLESALE PRICES.

BUTTER—Ranch, per lb. 20c; Maricao creamery, 22c; Tempe-Mesa Produce Co., 25c; Valley Fridge creamery, 22c.

EGGS—Ranch, \$6.65 per case.

CHEESE—Eastern, full cream, per lb. 16c; home, 16c.

FRESH FRUITS AND BERRIES.

APPLES—Per box, \$2.15@2.40.

LEMONS—Fancy, per case, \$3.75@4.25.

FIGS—Fresh black, \$1.40 per crate.

WATERMELONS—\$1.00 per doz.

CURRENTS—17c per lb.

BLACKBERRIES—15c per box.

LOGAN BERRIES—17c per box.

APRICOTS—Per 20-lb crate, \$1.75@1.80.

STRAWBERRIES—Arizona Ever-bearing, 15c per basket.

ORANGES—Late Valencia, \$1 per case.

SEEDLESS GRAPES—75c per crate.

ARIZONA KHAKI CANTOPEL—\$1.25@1.50 per crate.

DRIED FRUITS.

RAISINS—London layer, \$2.20@2.50; loose, per lb. 6c; Thompson seedless, 7c; Sultan, 1c.

APPLES—Evaporated fancy, 12c.

PEACHES—Fancy, 10c.

PEACHES—Choice, 8c.

PLUMS—Pitted, choice, 10c.

NUTS—Walnuts, fancy/soft shells, 14c; almonds, paper shell, 15c; soft shell, 14c; hard shells, 9c per lb; pecans, 10c; California, 12c; Almonds, 15c; Brazil, 14c; pinones, 10c; peanuts, eastern, roasted, 11c; raw 8c; home raw, 7c; roasted, 12c; chestnuts, 17c, 20c per lb.

FLOUR—Per cwt, local extra roller process, \$2.35; Graham, \$2 per cwt; whole wheat flour, \$2.30 per cwt.

CORN MEAL—White, \$2 per cwt; yellow, \$2 per cwt.

BRAN—Per ton, \$15.

POTATOES—Early Rose, \$1.75@2 per cwt.

ONIONS—S. S., \$1.25 per cwt.

CABBAGE—\$1.40@1.65 per cwt; in sacks. Crates, extra.

VEGETABLES—Beets per cwt, \$1.50; evaporated chilis per lb, 15c; green onions, per dozen bunches, 25c; radishes, per box, 12c; carrots, \$1.50 per cwt; green chilis, 17c per lb; summer squash, per box, 75c; cucumbers, 75c per box.

BEANS—Small white, \$4.50 per cwt; plums, per cwt, \$4; Lima, \$5.00@5.75.

COFFEES AND SUGARS.

COFFEES—Central American, 13c; 20c; Peaberry, 20c; Mocha and Java, 20c; Arabica's \$14 per case; Lion coffee, \$13.50.

SUGARS—Granulated cane, per cwt, \$6.25; cub., \$6.75; powdered, 7c; C. 6c per lb.

POULTRY AND GAME.

POULTRY—Hens, good heavy, per dozen, \$5.00@5.50; Pekin ducks, live, per dozen, \$5.00@5.50; spring chickens, live per dozen, \$4.00@4.50.

MEATS.

HAMS—Medium, 15c.

BACON—Breakfast, per lb, 15c.

LARD—Kettle rendered leaf, 35c; 40c; 55c; 30c; 10c, 35c.

DRY SALT PORK—Per lb, 9c.

HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

HIDES—Dry, 16c per lb; kip, 15c; calf, 16c; bull, 11c; green, 5c per lb.

WOOL—Firm, from 15 to 18c.

TALLOW—Per lb, No. 1, 2c; No. 2, 1c.

Wool pelts from 9c to 10c up; goat skins, from 12c up.

HONEY AND BEESWAX.

HONEY—Strained, per case, \$7.50.

BEESWAX—Per lb, 22c@24c.

GRAIN AND HAY.

WHEAT—Per cental, shipping, \$1.15.

HAY—Per ton, loose alfalfa, \$7; baled \$7.50.

BARLEY—\$1.00 per cwt.

BARLEY, rolled, \$1.20 per cwt.

LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—Fat, \$3.50; feeders, \$2.25@2.50.

CALVES—\$4.00.

HOGS—\$4.75.

SHOES—\$4.00.

PHOENIX RETAIL PRICES.

EGGS—Ranch, per dozen, 20c.

BUTTER—Ranch, per lb, 15c@20c; Maricao creamery, 25c; Tempe-Mesa Produce Co., 25c; Valley Fridge creamery, 25c.

CHEESE—Eastern, full cream, per lb, 25c; home, 20c.

FRESH FRUITS AND BERRIES.

STRAWBERRIES—Per box, 15c.

LEMONS—Per dozen, 20c@25c.

ORANGES—Navel, per dozen, 25c@30c.

FIGS—10c per lb.

APPLES—12c per lb.

CRAPES—1c per pound.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, evaporated, fancy, per lb, 20c; peaches, fancy, 12c@15c; choice, 10c; plums, pitted, 12c@15c; prunes, choice, 8c; fancy, 15c; apricots, fancy, 15c; choice 11c@12c.

VEGETABLES.

ONIONS—Green, per bunch, 2c.

STRING BEANS—Per lb, 12c.

CARROTS—Per bunch, 2c.

CABBAGE—Per head, 5c.

POTATOES—New potatoes, 2c.

ONIONS—Dry, per lb, 3c.

BEANS—White, per lb, 5c; pink, 7c; 10c; Lima, per lb, 10c.

BEETS—Per bu., 2c.

CHILDS—Evaporated, per lb, 25c; green, per lb, 25c.

FRESH FISH.

Southern California varieties, 15c per

McCALL'S PATTERNS AND FASHION SHEETS.

Coulter Dry Goods Co.

500 Parasols at \$1.90.

Fancy plaids, Roman stripes, fancy borders, handsome black and white checks and all the newest and most beautiful silks. Handome natural stick handles, pretty shapes and not a parasol worth in the regular way less than \$3.00. If you need a parasol this cannot help but interest you. \$1.90 for your choice.

Women's Neckwear

We are showing a beautiful assortment of Puggarees, just the thing for nobly, stylish hat trimmings, handsome color effects, beautiful qualities, \$1.00 each.

A special lot of women's English ties in very handsome colorings, heretofore \$1.00 each, reduced to 75c.

Dress Skirts at half.

Every washable dress skirt this week at just one-half the original retail price. The assortment includes white piques, grass linens, hop-sacking, covers, etc., all this season's goods.

There are still several months in which you can wear these skirts. They'll not be here at these prices many days.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

COULTER DRY GOODS CO.,

317-325 South Broadway, Between Third and Fourth,

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

lb; Columbia river salmon, 25c per lb; Northern California, 20c.

POULTRY AND GAME.

HENS—Per lb, 20c.

SPRING CHICKENS—Dressed, 40c.

PEKIN DUCKS—65c@75c.

FRESH MEATS.

BEEF—Per lb, 6 to 20c; veal, per lb, 8 to 20c; mutton, per lb, 7 to 20c.

RESH PORK—10c@15c.